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"BILLY WIGGUMS,"

CAMPIN' DOO

ET MORCUM' ;

ER,

A Week under Kanvas,

BY AN EE WITNUSS.



PRICE THREEPENCE.



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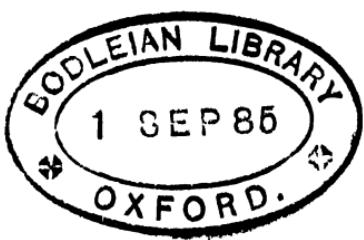
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INTRADUCSHUN.

T'LL nooa dowt bi varra interestin' ta sum o' mi
reeders, an' hespeshelly yo 'et's nivver bin i' t'riful
coor, ta kno how o's carried on an' t'life 'et's led amang
volunteers whall i' camp, an' net only that, bud iv onny
on ya thowt o' joinin', these twoathree wurds, which
ah've heear scraped tagither, mud leet ta be ov sum yuse
ta yo, oather won time er another; ta yo 'et's oh'reddy
enroll'd i' t'servis it'll be nowt fresh, nobbut when a
few yyears hev past an' gone, an' yo've gitten ta bi taa
owd ta hannel t'riful an' 'nock abowt on t'drill feeld,
then yo may cower in yer owd chair, efther yo've dun yer
day's wark, an' reed a nour er two away i' this lile book,
abowt t'fun 'et yo've ekspeerience whall campin' et
Morcum' er onny uther plaace; ta yo 'et dosent intend
joinin' an' hespeshelly t'wimmen fooaks, this lile book
will be varra interestin' ta ya, it'll give yo an inseet
inta t'troubles an' trials 'et a pooer fellah's expooased ta
throo hevin' ta cook an' do ivvery thing fer hissel', whall
hi'z under canvass, hooapin' 'et efther yo've read it throo,
iv ivver yo hev t'plesher o' gine ta see yer frends an'
relashuns i' camp, yo'll kindly give a helpin' 'and i'
t'shape ov a wesh up, er·peelin' a twoathree taytiz, an'
i' dooin' a turn o' this sooart yo'll be blest wi' t'thanks
ov yer humble servant,

“BILLY WIGGUMS.”

CHAPTER FURST.—EMBARKASHUN.

The wor Satterdah esthernooin afoor Whit Sundah 187-, we wer marcht off bag an' baggage ta t'railway stashun, ta ga bi t'fower o'clock trane ta Morcum'. T'rain wor cummin' down i' bucket fullz, an' when wa gat ta t'stashun wa wer like a lot o' drownt rattens. Well, thinks ah ta misel', iv this is gine ta camp, ah's fer hoff hooam agane, an' ah wor just pikin' misel' hoff, when a girt fat fellah bawl'd owt "All foh' in heer fer yer tickets." Ah ses "Yo mun please ta ekscuse me gaffer, bud iv yo'll let ma gooa hooam whall t'rain giz ower, ah'll git up t'furst thing i' t'mornin' an' woke it." "Nonsense man" he sed, "foh' in heear," whall et t'saame time he gev ma a pick 'et sent ma varra neear full length on t'platform, which cosed t'other chaps ta set up a girt laff. In a minnit er two t'rain landid up, an' wa wer cramed inta t'carridges like a lot o' pigs, an' afoor lang a chap wor coh'in' owt fer t'tickets. Nah this fellah worrent like a chap 'et ah wonse seed et a cirkus, wha worrent satisfide wi' won hofe, bud he mud tak t'whooal lot. Well wa gat ta Morcum' sooin esther, an' in a varra lile time wa wer o' bundelt owt o' t'rain an' med ta stand i' rotayshun like a lot o' nine pegs, won lot behint anuther, whall i' t'frunt wor t'band o' i' reddyness ta blush hoff es sooin es t'wurd o' command wor gin.

"Ah hooap wi'z net hev ta faace t'henamy afoor wa've gitten wur clooas dry an' summat ta hit," ah sed ta a fellah 'et stud next ta ma. "Shut thi mowth tha girt cose heead," he sed, "dosent tha see t'kurnel lookin' et tha, an' ah's sadly mistakken iv he isen't cummin' ta cut tha i' two." "Wat sud ah tell 'im iv he cums?" ah sed. "Wha tha mun tell him tha's nobbut a recrute, an' 'et tha's nivver bin fra' hooam afoor, bud look straight ta thi frunt, an' hod thi girt heead up, an' he'll happen goa past tha." Ah did es ah wor towd, an' wor sum ah' fane ta see 'im gooa past, an' ta think es he heddent cut'ma i' two es t'chap sed, fer ah dooant kno wat ower Nancy wod a' thowt iv shoo'd sin ma cummin' hooam won hoafe fra' t'other." Well t'kurnel, es t'chap co'de 'im, gev t'wurd fer startin', an' o' et wonce t'band struck up, an' hoff wa went ta t spot wheear wa hed ta live fer t'next six days. When wa'd landid et wur destynashun, furst thing es wa hed ta du, wor ta git wur nabsacks fra' hoff wur backs, an' carry 'em inta t'tents, which hed bin co'd hoff fer uz. Then wa'd o' ta foh' in agane fer t'purpuss o' mountin' t'gard. Nah es ah wor middlin' tall—sumwheear abowt six feet two i' mi stockin' feet—ah wor net varra far fra' t'top o' t'row, an' sooa ha hed t'misfortun ta bi co'de owt ta mount t'gard furst slap off. Well thinks ah ta misel', ah've nivver bin used ta owt o' t'sooart, ah's varra likely be foh'in' deawn an' brekkin' mi neck, sooa ah went ta t'hofficer, an' ah sed "Iv yo pleease sur es ah'm net used ta climmin' a girt 'eight up i' t'hare, ah'd bi varra mich hobleecht iv yo'd put ma on a peg nearest grund." "What are you talking about, 'he sed. "Wha," ah sed, "ah've just bin put on fer mown-

tin' t'gard, an' ah's flade 'et ah's nobbut bi a pooer 'and et it, es ah'm won o' them sooart o' foook es gaz dizze sa sooin." "Why, there's nothing to get dizzy about in being on guard," he sed, "all you will have to do will be to pace backward and forward on the part of the camp ground where you are placed." "Oh, thank yo sur," ah sed, "bo' ah thowt it wor another thing o' tagither." Well, wa wer marcht hoff ta t'gard tent, abowt a dozen ov uz, an' in a minnit er two won o' t'hofficers com up, an' he sed "Nah ya kno yer on a varra him-portent dewty, an' which ah hooap yo'll discharge faithfully; iv ah heear tell ov onny on ya slippin' yer wark ah'll put ya wheear ah can find ya." Wa hashuered 'im 'et wa'd do wur varra best, an' then he left uz.

CHAPTER SECKUND.

 'NEET hed cleared up nice an' fine es t'furst fower o' wur number wer set on gard fer t'space o' two howers; an', es ah wor amang t'nex lot es hed ta ga on, wa buckeld wur top cooats on, an' sat o' i' reddyness, whall t'remaynin' fower es hed ta cum on t'last wer mooar et hooam, fer theh wer lade down on sum mak o' things 'et theh sed wer beds, henjoyin' thersel's wi' tellin' tales; won on 'em sed, when he wor on gard wonce befoor, et this varra saame plaace, he kill'd nooa less ner five o' t'henamy, es he catcht prowlin' abowt; bud whether he wor tellin' t'treighth er net ah'll leov that ta yo; onnyway, ah thowt iv ther wor owt o' that sooart o' wark, ah hooapt 'et ah mud miss it. Et last two howers wer up, an' it com my turn. wi' t'other three ta ga on

gard. Wah werrent lang afoor wah wer et wur ha-poynted spots, mine bein' agane a rooad side, an' mi horders wer ta net let onnybody cum past. Nah t'spot wheear wah wer campin' wor a bit o' waste grund bi t'see shooar, an' this owd rooad led up ta a plaace co'd t' Beear, an' it nivver henterd mi heead et t'time 'et ther mud be sumbody cumin' fra' Morcum ta t'Beear, an' sooa ah wor deturmin'd ta du mi dewty, let cum wat wod; "Whooa noze," ah thowt, "bo' wa tah mud git a meddle fer brayvery, an' a penshun i' t'bargain, afoor t'week wor owt." Ah'd just bin on abowt hofe o' mi time when ah heared sumbody cummin' up t'rooad; sooa, when theh'd gitten within haylin' distence, ah showted howt et t'top o' mi voice, "Holt! whooa gooas theear"; bo' nooa hansswer com, sooa ah ball'd howt agean: "Iv ta duzzent speeak ah sul see iv ah cawn't mek tha"; still nowt com. "Nah fer t'thurd an' last time, heear gooas," an' ah med a rush eftah t'fellah, whooa'd t'en tu hiz heelz, an' i' less 'an a minnit ah hed 'im pin'd up ageean t'woh', wi' mi baynet glitterin' in hiz een. "Wat hes tha ta say fer thisel' nah?" ah sed, "Will ta speeak nah? Whooa is ta? Is ta a Rushun, er a Hafgan, er wat is ta? "Ah's nayther won ner t'other," he sed, "awm a Sevilleean." "Wat? Is thah won o' that tribe 'et kickt up that bother i' Manchester when Sargent Brett wor shot? By gow, ah've a reight gud mind ta finish tha," ah sed. Ah'd hardly gitten t'wurds howt o' mi mowth when ah heared a girt clatter o' feet, an' on lookin' round ta see wat wor cummin', ah seed t'sargent wi' t'remaynder o' t'gard wi' 'im es heddent bin on dewty. "Wat's tha makkin' thi row abowt?" he sed, "an' whooa's that man 'et tha's gitten

theer?" "He's a feneyon, et leeost he ses sooa," ah sed, "an' iv yo heddent cumd up ah'm sewer ah sud ha' finisht 'im hoff." "Wa tha girt numskull, tha wants thi branes weshin'," sed t'sargent o' t'gard, "hes ta nooa mooar sense ner stop daycent fooak 'et's goooin' quietly hooam? cum owt o' t'way an' let 'im pass." Ah stud o' ya side, un' let t'chap cum owt fra' under t'wo', an' hoff he went withoutt mooar ado; sooa efther givin' ma a bit ov hadvice, t'sargent an' hiz men went back ta t'gard tent, wheer ah cud heear 'em laffin' till o' fair rung agean. In abowt a nour efther ah wor releevd, an' went wi't uther es hed bin on gard inta t'tent, wheear wa hed sum hot tee an' sum breead an' cheese, an' then lade wursel's down on t'flooar ta rest a bit, fer wa hed ta ga on agean abowt hofe-past fower i' t'mornin'.

"Well, how's tha like campin', sooa far, Billy?" sed won o' t'chaps. "Wa ah rekkin nowt on't! an' iv it's like this o' t'way throo, ah'st be sum an' fane when t'week's up," ah sed. "Ho, tha mownt git down i' t'mouth,' sed t'fellah agean, "tha's dooin' abowt t'warst on it now; keep thi pekker up."

CHAPTER THURD.

T hed bin dayleet fer aboon a nour, t'larks wer singin' hup i' t'hare, an' o' prued well fer a fine day. Ah'd just bin put on gard fer t'seckund time, an' afoor lang t'chaps hes hed bin in t'tents o' neet now began ta creep owt won efther another, in order ta git a mowthful o' t'fresh see hare. Ah wor et t'saame plaace wheear

ah'd bin put t'furst time, tho' ah'd gitten sum different horders ta wat ah'd hed afoor. Mi horders this time wer ta keep fooak fra gine throo a gateway inta t'feelds. Ther wor a booardid-hup spot, which ah eftewurds med owt ta be fer t'men ta gooa ta, bud es ha'd hed horders net ta let onnybody inta t'feeld, ah dурсent bud do es ah wor tow'd. In a bit a chap com hurryin' hup, an' med fer t'gateway. "Heear," ah sed, "wheear's tha gine?" "Ah's gine ta yon spot," he sed (pointin' ta t'booardid hafare). "Well, tha's net gine throo theear," ah sed. "Bud ah mun gooa," sed t'fellah, "ah'm foorst." "Ah cannet help it," ah sed, "ah've hed mi horders net ta let onnybody ga throo, an' ah'm net gine ta du nayther; iv tha wants ta gooa ta yon spot tha mun git ower t'wo'." Just then t'chap es wor on gard next dooer ta ma com hup an' he sed, "Ah say mate, dus ta kno wat tha's dooin'?" "Hi ah do, ah think," ah sed. "Tha kno's nowt o' t'sooart," he sed, "an' iv t'hofficer o' t'day com an' seed tha dooin' owt o' t'sooart he'd hev tha shot." "Well," thinks I ta misel', "it'll nivver do ta be shot; bud it's reight wat ower Nancy sed, 'et iv ah com hooam kill'd it 'ud just sarve ma reight, an' shoo woddent pity ma a bit." Onnyhow, ah diddnt beleve in hoather bein' kill'd er shot, sooa ah went an' exst t'korperal o' t'gard wat it wor ah hed ta do; he sed "Wat hes tha bin dooin'?" an' sooa ah tell'd him. "Wah," he sed, "tha's gitten a rang hunderstandin' ho'tagither; yon's t'gateway," he sed (pointin' tu another farther hon), "wheear tha hes ta be, an' tha hes ta stop t'men fra' gine owt o' camp up tu t'Beear." Sooa ah set hoff ta t'spot theear an' then, amid a girt brust o' laffther fra' a lot o' chaps

es hed gither'd hup ta see wat wor ta du. Nah ah mun just tell yo 'et i' this feeld, wheear ah wor tryin' ta keep fooak owt on et furst, ther wor a girt tent wi' a lot o' top cooats in, es weel es a lot o' provishuns, an' mi reeal duty wor ta keep t'men fra' gine neear it, hoather fer won thing er another; bud hastead o' tellin' ma that, t'chap es wor hon gard afoor ah cum hon, tell'd ma ta keep 'em owt o'tagither; an' sooa ah nobbut did es ah wor tow'd.

Ah heddent bin i' mi new spot lang afoor theh wer et t'top-cooats, an' in a varra lile time t'lot wor gone. This creeatid sich fun amang t'chaps 'et ther noise drew t'hatenshun o' t'men i' t'gard tent, which worrent monny paces hoff, an' next minnit t'sargent wor bolin' owt ta ma, et t'top ov his voyce, "Wat's tha dooin' hup theear? that's net wheear tha wor put." "Wa ha kno that," ah sed, "bud t'korperal sent ma, an' he sed ah wor ta stop t'men fra' gine hup ta t'Beear." "Well, he'd nayha kayshun," sed t'sargent, "sooa cum back ta wheear tha wor put et' t'furst." Ah did es ah wur tow'd, an' wor sum an' fane when t'time com fer us o' ta be releaved.

T'chaps wor o' thrang makkin' reddy fer ther brekfusts when ah went inta mi tent, an' es ah wor middlin' hungry ah set tu an' helpt 'em, an' afoor lang wa wer o' es bizzy es beezy. Hefther t'brekfust o' hed ta prepare fer drill, hekcept them es hed bin on gard t'neet afoor, an' es ah wor won o' t'number ah wor rare an' fane fer a bit o' rest, sooa ah threw misel' down onta mi bed, an' wor sooin fast asleep, an' dreeamin' ah wor feightin' t'henamy, yi, ah thowt ah wor slohterin' 'em bi hooalsale

i' won spot, whall in another ah wor cumpletely surrowndid, an' didn't kno how ta git owt; ta tell yo t'rewth, ah wor that feeart o' gittin' kill'd whall ah wackken'd up, an' nooa wunder, fer reight i' t'front o' ma stud three er fower o' mi tent mates, liggin' inta ma es hard es theh cud wi' t'bow'sters. "How lang's tha gine ta lig theear? tha sleepy drooan," won on 'em sed, "dus tha kno wat time it is? " "Rive 'im owt," sed another, an' t'next minnit theh'd ho'd o' mi legs, an' dragg'd ma reeight owt o' t'tent, 'bowt britches, hamid screeams o' laffin.' Ah worrent lang i' pikin' misel' up, ah can ha-shooar yo, an' rushin' hoff inta t'tent, es mad es a potther. "It's o' reight," ah sed, "yo'll happen want a kindness dooin' sumtime." "Nah dooan't git thi shurt owt about it," theh sed, "fer it's o' nowt. " Tha'd better be lookin' owt fer a bit o' tee," won ov 'em sed, "we've hed owers." "Wat," ah sed, "hev yo hed yor dinner an' tee anno'; it's nivver that time, is it? " "Yi, bud it is," theh sed, "sooa we'll just leov tha a bit, es wur gooin' ta hev a woke down inta Morcum.' "

CHAPTER FOWERTH.

(3) hed gone hoff middlin' quiet durin' t'Sundah neet, an' efther hevin' a gud neet's rest wa wer o' es fresh es t'larks 'et wor singin' up i' t'clear blew sky. T'beds wer o' pooh'd owt ta sweeten, an' then ther wor sich a shakkin' an' dustin' amang t'blankits till o' fair crackt agane; then theh wer o' fow'did up inta fowers, an' ladie nice an' streight, tagither wi' t'beds an' t'bow'sters, on a white kanvas sheet, sooa's when t'hofficer o'

t'day com· rownd o' mud look es neeat es possibul. Hefther that wa hed t'brekfust, an' then wa began ta brush an' cleean wursel's up fer gine on ta drill. In a bit eftuer that t'bugel sowndid fer o' ta foh' in, an' in a varra lile time wa wer o' marchin' hoff onta t'feeld.

When t'drill wor ower wa wer marcht back agane ta t'tents, wheear preperashunz wer bein' med fer t'dinner. Nah wur dinners werrent t'saame es wur brekfusts, nooa, nooan sooa; theh wer rare tackel an' nooa mistak; we'd beef, mutton, an' taytz ta wur hart's content; an' ah con tell yo, we'd sich livin' whall wa wer campin' 'et wa wer sum an' kisetey when wa gat hooam agane; in fact ower Nancy sed shoo wor fare tired o' mi wasteful ways sin' ah'd cum back fra' camp. Bud ah's gittin' away fra' mi stooary. Ah wor sayin' 'et we'd sum proper stuff fer wur dinner, an' yo'll say sooa too when ah tell yo 'et we'd a pund o' meeat a-peece haloud uz, beside tatyz an' so't. Well, we'd o' gitten wur kites blone owt, an' ah wor just wipin' mi mowth wi' mi han-kitcher when o' et wonce ther wor sich a row i' t'hooal abowt hooa hed ta wesh up, sooa ah sed, "Nah dooan't put yersel's owt o' t'way abowt that; ah'll do it iv sum on ya 'ull nobbut wipe 'em et hefther ah've wesht 'em." Ah worrent lang afoor ah wor up ta t'hellboz i' greease an' cow'd watther, an' ah med sich a gud job o' weshin' up 'et theh considert ta mak ma t'pioneer o' t'tent. "Wat's t'pioneer o' t'tent," ah sed, "sal ah git onny heckstra pay fer it? "Heckstra pay! net tha indeed," won on 'em sed, "isen't ta satisfyde wi' gittin' thi lang lazey karkus fill'd, wi'howt wantin' ta rob t'Companey o' mooar. Wa meeon ta say 'et tha'll hev ta wesh hup

ivvery day." "O' reight," ah sed, "wa'll see abowt that." Just then t'bugel sowndid fer hefthernoooin drill, sooa nooa mooar wor sed abowt pianeerin' that day. O' went on es huzal on t'feeld; wa went throo wur drill i' gud stile, an' then went an' gat wur tee, esther which, wa went down inta Morcum'.

Nah, es t'neet wor fine, an' t'sun heddent set, ah thowt ah sud just like ta hev a bathe i' t'so't watther, an' sooa ah went down ta wheear ther wer sum bathin' kar-ravans, when, ta mi girt hastonishment, whooa sud be i' t'inside bud mi tent mates. "Helloh buttey," theh sed, "hes tha bethowt thisel' ta hev a bathe." "Ah hev," ah sed. "Cum on then," theh sed, t'tide's ommust up et full nah, wah con hev a gud du"; an' sooa ha went inta t'ven, wheear wa doft wersel's, an' then theh weel'd uz hoff inta t'watther. Nah, es ah'd nivver bin i' t'watther afooar (net even i' t' beck 'et runs down et t'back o' ower howse), ah con tell yo 'et ah felt rayther flade es ah stud on t'top o' t'steps, watchin' t'waves es theh splasht abowt. "Nah then, ha lang's tha gine ta stan' shiverin' theear?" won o' t'chaps sed; "spring hoff, an' dooan't keep uz standin' heear, er else cum owt o' t'way." Ah wor just makkin' way fer t'chaps ta cum past, es ah thowt, when ah fancid ah heared a sooart o' sniftherin' amang 'em, bud afooar ah cud mek owt wat it wor o' abowt, ah wor seeaz'd how'd on rownd bi t'waste an' thrawn heead furst inta t'watther. Hefther mich adoo ah fon' mi feet, an' when ah'd gitten mi wind, ah beg'd 'em ta spare mi life fer wonce. "Tha'll happen do t'pianeerin' nah," theh sed, "will tha net?" Ah hashured 'em ah wod iv theh'd nobbut let ma owt. Wi' that, theh med way for ma, an'

ah crept up t'steps o' t'ven, like a hofe-drown'd kittlin'. Ah worrent lang afoor ah wor don'd o', bud fer mi shuz an' stockin's, which ah'd kept off, sooa's ah cud wade owt 'bout gittin' em wet; sooa ah rowled mi britches up aboon mi knees, an' cram'd mi stockin's inta mi shuz, which ah shuv'd under mi arm, an' hoff ah set fer t'dry land, leovin' mi tent mates enjoyin' thersel's ta ther hart's kontent.

CHAPTER FIFT.

T wor nah Tewsdah mornin': ah wor set up i' bed mooanin' misel' tu an' froh, an' et t'saame time rubbin' mi heead wi' booath 'ands; t'uther chaps wer o' fast asleep, es it wud nobbut be abowt hofe-past three. Bud yo'll happen want ta kno wat wor ta du wi' mi heead. Well ah'll tell yo: it wor sumwheear abowt ten a'clock 'tneet afoor ah'd just gitten lade down fer a neet's rest efther t'toils o' t'day, ah wor just dooazin' hoff ta sleep when ah heeard a girt rush o' feet owtside et tent dooer, then ah heeard a voice 'et ah recognized es won o' mi tent mates: "We'r o' reight nah," he sed, "ah wunder ha Billy's gittin' on an' whether he's gitten ower hiz bath yet." In another minnit theh wor o' i' t'tent potterin' abowt i' t'dark. "Ah say strike a leet," won on 'em sed. "Stop a bit whall ah find a match," wor t'reply: "oh ther's won here, but wheear's t'cannel?" "Tha'll find it agane t'tent pow," sed a voice. "O' reight," sed t'chap wi' t'match, es he trod wi' hiz nasty shoon on ta t'bed clooas, an' et t'saame time treeadin' on ta mi feet; but that worrent o'; hiz match hed gone owt an' whall he wor potterin' ta find t'cannel, he sumhow er another

pooh'd t'string hoff t'top o' t'rifuls, an' down theh com,
 t'muzzel o' won on 'em catchin' ma slap ower t'heead.
 "Nay," ah sed, "bi a bit daycent, chaps, ya sewer
 waddent kill a fellah deead o' t'spot." "Helloh! is
 that thee, Billy," theh sed, "wat's up wi' tha nah?"
 "Wat's up," ah sed, "wha y'ev gone an' ta'en ma reight
 ower t'heead wi' won o' them rifuls." Wi' that theh o'
 set up a girt yell, an' won on 'em sed "tha sud tak thi
 girt heead owt o' t'way": that wor o' t'consolashun ah
 gat, sooa ah lade ma down agane, but ah mud es weel
 a' tride to a' flown es to a' slept. Ah lade till abowt
 three a'clok, when ah wor fooarst ta git up, it wark't
 sooa. Well ah sat theear ah sud think a nour when ah
 heeard 'em stirrin' i' t'next street, sooa ah thowt ah'd git
 up, an' hev a bit ov a woke i' t'mornin' hare ta see iv it
 'ud do mi heead onny gud.

It wor just abowt eight a'clok when ah landid back
 agane, feelin' a gud deal better, tho ther wor a lump
 on t'top o' mi heead t'size ov a pot bumler. Ah think
 theh'd fergitten abowt ther last neet's pilliooh, fer theh
 nivver sed nowt abowt it nayther won way ner another;
 theh wer o' es bizzy es cud be makkin' t'brekfust. That
 bein' ower wa brusht wursel's up an' went on drill fer
 abowt two howers, an' then went es huzal ta wur dinner.
 Nah fer t'weshin' up things ah thowt ta misel' just es wa
 wur finishin'. Ah'd hardly gitten t'thowt owt o' mi
 heead when won on 'em sed "Nah Billy tha promist uz
 tha'd be t'pioneer iv wa woddent drown tha." "Ah
 did," ah sed, "but ah've holter'd mi mind sin' then."
 "Then tha'd better holter it back agane," theh sed, "er
 wa'll see iv wa can't mak tha, sooa git thisel' on ta thi

feet an' mak a beginnin'." "Nay," ah sed, "ah'm willin' ta du mi shar o' wark, same es onny body else." "Then tha meons ta say 'et tha'll net wesh up, duz ta"; an' wi' that won on 'em tuk t'weshin'-up clowt, which he'd just gitten owt ov a tin o' cowd greeeasy watther, an' hit ma a wiz reight ower t'mouth, t'ends o' t'clowt twistin' reight rownd mi neck. "Ah'm blone iv ah'll stan', this wark onny langer," ah sed, an' et t'saame time makkin' a spring et t'fellow 'et hed sent t'dish-clowt, an' seeaz'd 'im bi t'throoat. "Helloh!" he sed, "tha's gittin' savidge, is tha; well tek that," he sed, an' he gev ma a pick 'et sent ma heead furst ower t'coards o' t'tent, an' wi' mi nooaz bein' tender wi' t'hot watther an' t'see hare, won o' t'coards just catcht t'top on it an' pooh'd skin hoff o' t'way down, leovin' it in a lump reight on t'end o' mi nooaz. When theh seed that, theh varra neear brast ther sides wi' laffin', whall ah wor es neear reddy ta cry wi' pashun. "Ah think wa'd better let 'im hoff t'weshin' up fer ta day, pooer fellah," won on 'em sed, "fer ah think he's gitten abowt enuff." Sooa theh left ma ta misel', whall won on 'em set abowt weshin' t'pots an' t'tins up, an' another wip'd 'em. T'time hed flown ower sa sooin, wat wi' bother an' won thing an' another, 'et t'bugel fer foh'in' in sowndid afoor wa'd gitten ivverything sided up. Wa wer sooin on t'feeld gine throo wur manewvers, which wer dun sa well 'et t'kurnel let uz hoff a bit sooiner, ta hev a bit ov a hallidah; an' es ther'd bin a lot o' trips in, ther wor a lot o' t'chaps es wantid ta hev a bit o' plesher wi' ther pals er ther sweethearts.

CHAPTER SYXTH.

J'WEEK wor nah seemin' ta bi gine on varra plesently. It hed gitten ta Thursdah mornin', an' es ther wer nowt ov onny konsequence hoccurd, it wad nobbut be tirin' ta mi reeders ta rekord t'drillin' ower agane. T'wether, which hed bin splendid up ta nah, began ta show sines ov a change, fer t'sky hed becum quite black wi' clowds; an' sooa, es it worrent quite drill time, wa set tu ta mak a trench rownd wur tent, sooa's iv ther wor a storm wa sud be nice an' dry i' t'inside. "Foh' in heear," showtid t'sargent, es t'furst bugel sowndid fer drill. Wa o' hobay'd t'horders et wonce; bud just es wa wer gine ta set hoff fer t'feeld t'rane startid o' foh'in' i' torrents, an' in a varra lile time o' wor fare ov a swim. O' thowts o' drillin' wer nah et an end, sooa, hevin' tuk wur taytiz an' meeat ta cook, wa sqwatted wursel's down i' t'tent, feelin' a gud deegal snuger ner wat wa sud ha dun prahvidin' wa heddent put wursel's ta t'trubblel o' makkin' a trench owtside. It wor reight laffabel ta see a lot on 'em, es heddent thowt fer t'morroh, pitchin' inta trench diggin' o' amang t'rane, an' ivvery nah an' then runnin' inta t'tent ta shelter whall another com owt ta tak a turn. In a bit t'rane gev ower, bud it wor taa lat ta gooa on ta t'feeld, an' sooa wa med wursel's content whall dinner wor reddy. When that wor ower wa pitcht inta sidin' up, which wor dun in a varra short time.

In abowt a nour it hed cumpletely cleared up, an' bi drill time t'sun wor shinin' es brite es ivver it did. Yi, an' t'hoofficers tuk hoppurtunity es t'wether nah hofferd 'em, fer theh hed us on t'feeld in a tic-tac. Theh gev uz a bonney runin' abowt, ah con tell yo, fer ah beleeve theh thowt it hed nobbut cleared up fer a heveear du ; an' theh werrent far rang nayther, fer clowds es black es mi hat wer risin' up fra' a distance, an' afoor lang t'sky wor cuverd o' ower wi' 'em. Wa'd just gitten i' rotashun fer marchin' hoff t'feeld when t'rane began ta cum down i, sich quantitiz till o' wor fare ov a swim. When wa reeacht t'camp wa o' stud ta bi dismist ta wur tents, an' then ther wer a rush. Nah ya toke abowt a pantamine, bud ther wor won theear, t'chaps wer runin' up agane won another i' tryin' ta git ta ther tents, an' ah wor just thinkin' wat ower Nancy wod say iv shoo cud bud just see ma i' this pradickyment, when a girt fat fellah com 'nock-in' up agane ma, an' afoor ah cud regane mi futtin' ah wor sprolin' full length in a girt dub o' wather. "Well," thinks ah ta misel', es ah pickt misel' up, "this is a bonney cum hoff, onnyhow, bud it'll nooan do ta bi standin' lookin' at it," sooa ah gat inta mi tent es sooin es ah cud, an' worrent lang afoor ah wor stript, wal won o' t'chaps wor gud-naytherd enuff ta tak mi cloas up ta t'canteen, an' gat 'em brusht an' dride. T'rane kept on foh'in' till abowt nine a'clok, when it rayther cleear'd up fer a bit, bud it wor nooa yuse gine down ta Morcum' then, fer it wod be time ta cum back agane bi wa'd gitten theear, sooa wa settl'd wursel's down fer t'neet i' wur tents, an' afooar lang wa wer o' i' bed.

CHAPTER SEVUNTH.

"**A**H say, Billy, isn't tha wet?" ah heared a voice sayin', just es ah wacken'd up t'next mornin'; an' then ah remember'd wat a stormey neet it hed bin, fer ah'd rowsed up two er three times durin' t'neet, an' heared t'rane peltin' on t'kanvass. "Ah dooant kno,'" ah sed, springin' up onto mi feet, whall summat slapt up agane mi baare skin like a dishclowt. "Yi, bi gum, is ah! an' look heear," ah sed agane, "mi shurt's es wet es a sod." "Wah, tha's wus ner we er," theh sed, whall et t'saame time theh wer ommust brustin' ther sides wi' lafther. Ah squeeaz'd mi shurt owt es weel es ah cud, an' then pot it on t'owtside o' t'tent ta dry, fer it wor a fine mornin' efther t'rane. Then ah began ta look fer mi tother things, an' ah'm blone iv theh worrent es bad es mi shurt, whall mi shoon wer standin' baath full o' watther like two rezervoyers. Ah think ah nivver seed onnybody maare sewted i' mi life ner them fellahs wer, fer theh titter'd an' laft ta o' cum agane; bud ah wor nooan sa pleeos'd, ah con tell ya. Ah set ta wark et wonce an' rung mi stockin's owt, an' lade 'em ta dry; an' then ther wer mi britches' legs o' ringin' wet, whall t'top on 'em haled nowt et o'; then ah tuk mi shoon owt an' em'tid 'em, whall t'tuther men wer takin' o' t'beddin' owt, which wor soppin' wet. Ther wor nooa cumpany drill that mornin', fer ther worrent a dozen men i' o' t'lot bud wat hed oather won thing er another sooakt wi' t'rane.

Bi t'brekfust wor ower wa'd o' nice an' dry, an' es it
 wor t'inspekshun day wa'd ta hev o' nice an' tidy, which
 tuk uz sum time o' dooin', fer na matther howivver wa
 brusht wur shoon, wa cuddent git 'em ta shine, sooa wa
 handid 'em ower tu a shooblak es hed just landid up, an'
 whooa med 'em shine like a raaven's back i' nooa time.
 Wa pade t'lad hiz brass fer hiz wark, bud it wor just like
 thrahin' it away, fer bi t'time wa wer on t'feeld hofe-a-
 nour theh wer es bad es ivver, tho' t'inspekther gev uz
 girt praze fer wur drillin' an' sooa on. This beein' ower,
 t'kurnel pot uz throo a bit ov eksercize, fer hiz hone
 plezher, then, efther tellin' uz how sewted he'd bin wi' uz
 o' throo t'week, he sed wa mud hev hallidah i' t'efther-
 nooin; an' then he marcht uz hoff ta wur dinner. Wa
 werrent lang i' gittin' that, ah con ahshevèr ya, fer wa
 wantid ta bi hoff ta git a last look round Morcum', afoor
 leeovin'; an' nooa dowt sum o' t'chaps mud want ta by
 summat fer ther barns, iv theh hed onny, an' iv net, then
 fer ther sweetharts. As fer misel', ah hed nooa yung-
 sthers, sooa ah went an' bowt a bit o' toffy ov a chap es
 wer bohlin' owt "Lemman drops, a penny a packit."

T'hefthernoooin wor sooin ower, an' seven aclok fun'
 ma sonterin' mi way back ta t'tents, feelin' rarely pleeos'd
 'et ah wor gooin' hooam i' t'mornin'.



CONCLEWSHUN.

 'SUN wor shinin' breet an' bonney es ah hoppen'd mi een. Ther wor a gud deeol o' stirrin' tho it wod nobbut bi abowt five a'clok. Bud this wor t'day fer gooin' hooam, an' sooa wa wantid ta git o' wur things packt up, sooa's o' mud bi reddy when t'wurd o' cummand wor gin fer marchin' hoff. Ther wor ta bi nooa drill that mornin', an' sooa wa diddent hurrey wursel's abowt weshin' an' cleeonin' es wa'd dun uther mornin's. It wod bi sumwheear abowt eight a'clok when wa'd gitten o' tagither, an' sooa t'next thing ta do wor ta hev t'brekfust. This beein' t'last meeal wa wer ta hev on t'campin' grund, wa thowt wa wod hev a reglar bloh owt. Wa'd manidg'd wur butther uzin' sa weel 'et wa'd nooa less ner fower pund left, an' o' fresh anno', an' sooner ner tak it back agane, wa wer determin'd ta uze it up won way er another, an' es luck wod hev it, ther wor a chap com up sellin' fluke fish, sooa wa bowt abowt nine pund ov him, which seem'd ta sewt t'fellah rarely, an' afooar lang wa hed 'em "smooakin' hot" (es t'chap sed es wor sellin' taytiz), an' on ta wur plates, which wer swimmin' wi' butther, whall i' t'middle o' t'tent wor a girt pile o' butther cakes, med es thin es a flee wing ommust. Wa werrent bihint wi' wur suppin' stuff nayther, fer won o' wur lot ed hed t'gud luck ta find a paper o' tee i' won o' t'em'tey tents, whall another

chap hed browt a bottel o' rum, which he'd gitten i' Morcum' t'neet afooar. Nah ya toke abowt blohin' yer bags owt, bud iv onnybody did, it wer uz, fer wa hit an' drunk till wa cud hardly bide ta toke ta won another, whall t'butther wor runnin' down aither side o' wur mowths reight down ta wur chin ends. Bud that, like ivverything else, hed ta cum ta a clooase; sooa, hefther hevin' satisfide wur stumiks, wa streightend wursel's owt ta wur full length, ta give it a chance o' sattlin' a bit.

Hefther wa'd lade abowt a nour, tokin' ower t'hafares o' t'past week, t'bugel sowndid fer o' ta foh' in. Wa med es mich haaste es wa cud ta git inta wur spots, ivvery cumpany hopposit ther hone tents, wheear in-struckshuns wer gin ta o' t'lot, bi t'captin cummandin' eeach cumpany. T'horders wer 'et when t'wurd o' cum-mand wor gin fer t'beds an' takkel ta bi pooh'd owt, ivvery man hed ta tak hiz hone an' em'tey it; then he wor ta lap t'bed tick an' t'bow'sther up tagither, an' lig it down nice an' streight; hefther which, o' t'lot hed ta gooa an' stan' i' rotashun et t'dooer o' ther hone tents, reddy fer strikin' 'em es sooin es t'wurd wor gin. Wa then brok hoff agane, an' set abowt cleeanin' wur shoon, an' gittin' o' reddy fer bowltin' hoff.

In a nour er sooa t'wurd com fer uz ta hoal t'beddin' owt, an' o' et wonce ther wor sich a rivin' an' pooh'in', sum tum'lin' wi' 'em, uthers thrähin' t'bow'sthers et won another, whall sum es wantid ta bi dun wi' t'bother went streight away ta wheear theh wer ta bi em'tid, an' gat ther wark dun furst slap hoff. Ah wor just landin' up

ta t'spot wi' mi bed an' bow'sther, when o' ov a suddin sumbody tuk ma reight et t'back o' t'heead wi' won o' t'buckits 'et wa uzed fer weshin' purposiz, an' afooar ah knew wheear ah wor ah wor lade full length o' t'stroph heeap. Ah thowt, fer sewer, ah sud a bin smoo'rd, es won lot hefther another kept cummin' slap on ta mi heead. Well, ah fowt mi way owt es best ah cud, an' med mi way back ta mi tent, wheear theh wer o' gittin' ther nabsacks owt, an' liggin' 'em in a roh, sooa's when o' t'tents hed bin pooh'd down theh cud tell wheear ta find 'em. Ah worrent lang i' gittin' mi lot owt an' liggin' 'em besides t'uthers. Ah then foh'd inta mi plaace. Ah'd hardly gotten theear when t'horder wor gin uz fer strikin' t'tents, an' i' less ner two minnits, tho ah say it misel' ah'll sweear yo woddent hev known it wor t'saame spot, fer ther worrent a tent ta bi sin. That bein' dun, wa gat horders ta show'der wur nab-sacks an' foh' in, fower deep, which wor dun in a varra like time. Wa wer then quite reddy fer marchin' when t'band struk up wi' "Home, Sweet Home," an' "The Girl I left behind me," an' hoff wa set ta t'stashun, lookin' like a lot o' owd sowjers just cum owt o' Haf-ganistan, fer wur faaces wer es brown es showps wi' t'sun an' t'see hare. When wa landid et t'stashun t'trane wor watin', sooa in wa pop't, an' wor hoff in a jiffey, whall fra' t'platform ther wor hankitchers wavin' et uz i' scooers, tho ah con asshuer ya ther wor nooobody theear 'et ah wor sorry ta leeov.

It wor abowt two a'clok when wa landid et t'stashun wheear ower lot hed ta git owt. T'platform wor crow-

did wi' fooak es hed cum ta see uz land, an' bi t'time es wa'd gitten owt o' t'trane ther wor sich kussin' an' shakin' 'ands. Ah wor just lookin' rayther bewildert an' disapoyntid, when ah felt a 'and lade o' mi show'der, an' on lookin' rownd whooa sud ah see bud ower Nancy. "Ay lass," ah sed, "bud ah thowt tha heddent cum'd ta meet ma." An' wi' that ah threw mi arms rownd her neck an' gev her a kiss. "Ah've bin cumpletely lost 'bowt tha," shoo sed, es wa sonterd to'rds hooam. When wa landid theear, nowt wod sewt bud ah mud tell her o' mi adventurs, just es ah've telld 'em to yo; an' when ah'd finisht shoo jump't up an' swore 'et iv shoo cud bud just ha' bin theear, ther wod ha' bin a bonney row, yi, that ther wod; onnyhow, shoo sed it sud bi t'last time 'et ah sud ga ta camp, shoo'd tek caare o' that. An' shoo wor es gud es her wurd, fer sooin efther (ah meon in a munth er two) shoo packt mi riful clooas up, an' tuk 'em ta t'stooers.

A twoathree yyears hev past away sin then, durin' which time ah've bin ta look et Morcum' an' t'campin' grund, an' when ah've sin it ah allus think abowt t'six days 'et ah spent under kanvass.

